In this kellar the attendant cup-bearers were, a dern concert saloon, charming young en, who responded with smiles and alacrity to for dreitsehn or herstig mehr, as the may be, and while passing the foaming When they saw one soldier more gallant

raging. When they saw one soldier more gallant than another he was pointed out, siain and at once taken up to join the beery symposium in the regions of the blessed.

The beer-bearing valkyrias were probably the originals of the modern waitress of the concert saloon. The difference between the two is but slight. The valkyrias of Odin selected those who were to die and served them after they were dead; the waitress of Gambrinus serves those who are in the body and who will die from the effect of her rainistrations.

aniful women, would become in time an unerrable torment.

The Riysian fields of the Greeks and Romans
re far more tolerable than the beer-vaults of
in. Nevertheless, it was purely a physical enrinent that was attained by the just. Eternal
sahine warmed the flowery meadows and light
usements entertained the inmates. It was a
clife retreat, and one which, one would think,
add be too placid for the doughty heroes and
ghty warriors translated from the earth. The
sctucie of Hercules, Achilles, Theseus, Deucalion
d Minos sitting beside gleaming rivers, inhaling
a fragrance of flowers and gossiping over the
anty of the weather and the perfection of the
shery is difficult to appreciate. As in these
ands of the blessed there were no women and no
tre, it cannot but be that the interminable hours
etternal existence must have passed with languid
page.

febernal existence must have passed with languid leps.
So vapid a reward for the souls of heroes was of what he deserved. No wine, no women, no mg. No wonder that when the blue-eyed, fixxensired Goths, Allemanni, Teutons and the other orahippers of Odin poured southward from the passed north they easily overpowered a people ho were weak enough to be satisfied with an ternity of such pastoral simplicity.
The total exclusion of women from the classic lysum may be due to bad taste on the part of the unders, or it may be that it arose from a demand franquility. Resting after their mighty labors, is Titans and heroes wished to avoid domestic implications and disturbing agencies.
The paradise of the Mohammedan is also one of a purely physical and sensual type. It has some the merits of Vaihalls in its use of stimulants, filtongh it is presumable that a finer tipple than ser is used for the delectation of the faithful, any the finest brands of wines are admitted into a home of the happy, It is probably of a kind at elicits only the most exquisite pleasure from ague and palate, and that has in its after effects a hideous "next morning."

gree and palate, and that has in its after effects hideous "next morning."
I is possibly a wine that exhitarates without bruting; which affords a divine inspiration that de utterance in poetry and song; that furnishes ags on which the saint soars to the ethereal ghts of the empyrean. It has the combined tues of absinthe, hashish, champagne, burndy and Johannisberg, without any of their detected to the saint soars to the saint series of the empyrean. It is a kind which permits a petual "booze" without a headache, without a pecual booze" without a headache, without incomputation of conscience, or any of the inmerable penalties attached to a debauch on the

amerable penalties attached to a debauch on maria.

Gloriously drunk from year fo year, from centry to century, through the echs of eternity, the dotsumedan believer reaches the ineffable. There are no prohibition laws to stop his supplies; here is no municipal regulation against intoxication; he has no night-key to hunt for, or storm to uprehend when he comes home at night; he can or swallow his fortune, the dress and happiness of his wife, nor the comfort and finnels of his shidren. There is a bar-room at every step; here is no hateful credit saked, no attendant who struses to "put it on the slate."

Nor is this all there is of the Mohammedan eaven. Not only is there a decanter at every rar, but luxurious couches, beautiful decorators, the finest of fruits and viands, tables everywhere offering the choicest foods and cookery; ternal sunshine, flowers and perfume, and, last no best, hours without limit. Fancy a vast Vale f Cashmere in and about which glide with supple rolling, and swaying, siender forms, innumerable rolling, young, with dark, flashing eyes, voices of ansie, and faces of supernal beauty?

Such is the heaven of the believer. Interminable, Equisite physical delight; no saliety, and cach soment a perpetuation of the scriptions.

incomparable retreat—provided it were believed to be a reality and accessible!

The Hindoo heaven is a thin, misty, unsatisfactory creation. It in part involves a metempsychosis in which the soul is first taken from the spiritual magazine, the wholesale stock in trade, and is magazine, the wholesale stock in trade, and is started in life as the occupant of an animal. It may be generations in this condition—now directing the bay of a hound in chase, a donkey braying at its blows and burdens, a tiger leaping with savage fierceness on its prey. According to its merita, at the death of each of its bodies it is elevated or thrown back in the grade of animal life. In time it may earn promotion to a human frame, and, if good, after passing from body to body in an ascending scale, it is finally liberated from the environment of fiesh, and is voided into Nirvana, and becomes an unconscious portion of the great spiritual existence.

Buch is the Buddhist heaven. After interminable wanderings on earth as dog, tiger, ass, rhinocerous, hippopotamus, cagie, vulture, hyena, and among men as a helot, a parish, a Brahman, the soul attains the felicity of absorption, without identity, without self-consciouances, with less individuality than is possessed by the drops of water which, after an immeasurable wandering from the mountains through the plains, is at length swallowed by the boundless ocean. The termination of this destiny is the equivalent of annihilation.

CASEY AND THE CATS.

Training Bull-Terriers to Worry a Bag Full of Tabbles Belonging to Ladies. [San Francisco Chronicle,]

James Casey is a gentleman of sporting proclivi es, who is the proud possessor of a couple of frown bull-terriers which are not yet sufficiently educated to devour their own species. Mr. sey, who also rejoices in having his friends ate him from other Caseys by the soubriquet "Chaw," probably from having for years taught bulldogs to chew each other, has invented a new and lingenitous method of completing the education of this canine pupils. It has proven so eminently successfully that a dog graduated from his commands the respect and admiration of every other bipedal and quadrupedal dog in the community, Mr. Casey moved to the vicinity of Fourth and Chementina streets a short white ago and has been since located there, an object of suspicion and hate on the part of the female portion of that focality. Aged spinsters hold him in special aversion, for since he moved into the neighborhood all the favorite cats, both toms and late-des, have sadly deteriorated in the scale of respectability. Cais which were always the proud possessors of sieck that when the state of the part of the state of the part of the female portion of that focality. Aged spinsters hold him in special aversion, for since he moved into the neighborhood all the favorite cats both toms and late-des, have sadly delicitied to the state of the and ingenious method of completing the education of his canine pupils. It has proven so eminently

discovered the object of their suspicions red-handed in his villalny.

A complaint was immediately lodged against him, and he was convicted yesterday upon a charge of cruelty to animals, and ordered by Judge Horn-blower to appear for sentence this morning.

MEN FOR HOUSEWORK.

Dream of What May Come to Pass in th

From the Boston Transcript There is a great thought, a brilliant industria ggestion, in the case of Frank King, otherwise Kitty Russell, who has been forced, according to he young person's own story, to adopt a woman' garb and go out to work as a housemald and waitress in order to earn a living. Mr. Frank King says that he had money enough to live on, without work, up to a year ago. Then circumstances compelled him to go to work. He could find no work to do as a man, but he observed that there was always an unsupplied demand for female domestic help. If the work would not come to Frank King, Frank King would go to the work; and as his face was smooth and his stature moderate, and as short hard is fashionable, he had no difficulty in disguising himself in woman's clothes and getting a situation. The scrutiny of likely-looking servant girls, as everybody knows, is not keen. The advent of any kind of a girl at all is, in certain unlucky households, especially suburban households, a matter for exceeding rejoicing. Kitty Russell says, however, that she was compelled to fly from one place to another to avoid detection; and, at last, having located with a family in Chelsea, where she was regarded as a perfect jewel, she was indiscreet enough yesterday, having a fondness for the military, to go out and see the parade of the First Regiment, and was pounced upon and arrested by a sharp-eyed policeman, who detected her disguise. So that here, for a time at least, Kitty Russell's promising industrial career was brought to a close.

The Listener says that there is a suggestion in work, up to a year ago. Then circumstances com-

Russell's promising industrial career was brought to a close.

The Listener says that there is a suggestion in this affair. It ought to be plain enough what it is. There are thousands of men, we are told, who cannot find work to do. There are many more thousands of women who will not do housework. Now of these thousands of men there are a majority, beyond a doubt, who might make them selves quite handy at housework, or at least a good deal handler than nothing at all. Let these poor wretches without employment be "driven to petiteoats," as Mr. Frank King was. To petiteoats, that is, if it is regarded as necessary to keep up a fiction of femininity; but in order to spare the stalwart maids-of-ail-work such episodea as Kitty Russell was subjected to when she went out to see the soldiers, and to keep within the law, the petiticoat might be only a mere perfunctory, radimentary one—a sort of Albannan fusianella, neatly disposed over Mchael's neat but ample pantaloons. Perhaps a function and legitimate opportunity for the divided skirt may be found at last this suggested industrial movement. The sex of the next was recents when the rest of the next was recents when the suggested industrial movement.

nine.

Ose can imagine an interesting domestic acene under this new régime.

Michaella!" the mistress calls. "Michaella?" Enter Michaella, the second girl, in a neat suit consisting of a called jacket, short starched nain-sook petiteoat, and coarse checked trousers over cowhide boots. Her boots make something of a calletter as she comes in over the hard-wood door of the hall, and her mistress's eyebrowa knit a little.

"Michaella," she says, "I must caution you again to walk a little more softly. What! Your mustache still in curi papers at this hour? And please do not come too near, for I am afraid I shall discover that you have been smoking again, and I do not want to adminster too many repri-Go down and tell Patricia that I want to see

Exit Michaella. tiptoeing painfully along the floor, and exhibiting a vanishing perspective of broad boot heels.

Enter presently Patricia in a costume somewhat resembling Michaella's, with the difference that the petitocat is of gingham in a large pattern and the trail of the kitchen is over it all. Patricia's footfail is even more emphatic that Michaella's, and its measured "caiump, caiump," creacendo, gives abundant notice of her coming.

"Perhaps, Patricia," says the mistress, as the cook scrapes a rough chia and makes an exceedingly awkward courtesy, "those frayed pantaloons may be good enough for rough work around the kitchen and shed in the morning, but I wouldn't wear them all day. Have you begun the preparations for dinner, Patricia;"

"Yis, mum. I have put the bread to bile, mum, and the bafeshteak to bake"

Fury and explosion on the part of the mistress. Such contretemps. It is fair to assume, would be but infrequent under the new industrial regime. Even now they arise occasionally in the best-regulated domestic interiors. The idea is presented merely for what it is worth.

Sam Howell's Fight With a 'Gator.

Sam Howell is a thoroughbred wiregrass citizen, strictly speaking, and arn't afraid o' snakes! But the other day he got mixed up in a little alligator transaction, which proved a mighty close call for Sam, and came very near inducing him to pass in his chips. Sam, it seems, was in Cedar swamp with his trusty rifie in search of game, and during his meanderings he came upon a miniature lake, which was some distance from the main run of the creek. This lake he discovered to be full of little alligators, with their heads bobbing serenely up and down, and barking as they bobbed. It was a picnic for Sam, and he waded in to annihilate the entire collection. During his massacre, however, he forgot the power behind the throne, and while Sam was making little 'gators climb the golden stair at the rate of five a minute, a huge mother 'gator appeared upon the scene, with both feet up and jaws distended, and proceeded to take a part in the fun. She directed her attention strictly to Howell, and be in turn divided time with her very promptly and generously. He raised his gun to fire and it snapped only, and, trying the second barrel, it likewise failed to respond, and as the infuriated animal continued to advance, Sam thought it the better part of valor to move out, which he did promptly and in good style.

Thus left alone and victorious, the old 'gator collected the remainder of her family, and with them went into a cave near by.

After things got a little quiet and Sam had retransaction, which proved a mighty close call for

lected the remainder of her family, and with them went into a cave near by.

After things got a little quiet and Sam had recovered from his fright, he went back to the lake to investigate the damage he had done. Floating promiscuously about on the water were numerous little 'gators, ranging from eight to ten inches, Sam collected and counted them, and there were twenty-seven in the lot. Sam avers that there must have been thirty-five or forty in the entire lot.

Tough Time at a Whist Party. [From the Stuffalo Courier.]

The bank teller's countenance was suffused with gloom yesterday morning, and he moistened his thumb and counted over the \$500 bills in a vicious "You seem jaded this morning," observed the

"You seem jaded this morning," observed the Arounder.

"Did you ever go to a whist party?" carnestly inquired the bank teller, pressing his claiming forehead against the bars. "If you haven't, don't. I went last night."

"Didn't enjoy it, ch?"

"Why, blame it all, they set me down opposite a blue-cyed girl who confessed she could only play 'Old Maid." Our opponents were two people that were born with cards in their hands and had played whist before they cut their teeth. Well, of course we lost something every deal, but it was largely owing to poor cards. But all of a sudden the luck changed. I had a handful of trumps with a long suit of diamonds. Well, sir, four opponents took one trick; we took five. Trumps were all played and I had three low diamonds. I led one of em. Opponents had no diamonds and threw away. Partner took the trick with the jack. Then instead of leading back diamonds what d'ye think is Blamed if she didn't lead from the suit they'd thrown away from. They gobbied that and every other trick, and my partner came in at the tall of the funeral with a diamond. Think o' that? A diamond' I didn't say anything, but I got up and chased myself 'round the block. Next time I'm invited to a whist party I'll take a partner with me or stay home." The bank teller whed a tear from his cheek and sought the obscurity of the vault.

HOW CHAMPAGNE IS SOLI

York Consumes More of It than An Other City in the Country.

(From the Sucannak News.)
On one of the streets of New York running at right angles with Broadway is a big but dingy store. Great brass signs on either side of the door indicate that it is a wholesale wine house. You enter the offices, which have a dark but not de ressing appearance, and are met by one of the retainers, who inquires your business. You state after some delay you are shown into the inner office of the establishment. A man who looks the type of an elderly French Count, but who is Ger-man, sits sipping champagne with a rich customer, and when you enter he taps a bell and orders the and when you enter he taps a bell and orders the retainer, who responds to the call, to brings another quart bottle of wine. Two or three of the agents of the firm drop in, and as they sip their wine, they and the father of the house, whose establishment and attaches represent the typical rich wine place of the metropolis, tell you about the wine business of America. You hear the somewhat astonishing assertion that the people of the United States are drinking little if any more imported wine than they did a decade ago, notwithstanding the increase of population and wealth. You are teld that this is because the mass of Americans appear to be becoming more economical and to be learning to drink more beer and less wine.

sconomical and to be learning to drink more beer and less wine.

New York, of course, consumes more champagne than any other city in the United States, but Chicago uses a large amount of it. This is due to the fact that it is a great speculative centre. Speculators are the most liberal imbibers of champagne in the country, and places which cater to them are constantly besleged by the keen agents of the wine houses.

These agents are fashionably dressed, elegant gentlemen, but their life is a hard one. They must drink wine and spend money liberally, and each must have, besides a pleasing address, an iron constitution. They must know and be on good terms with the bartenders and wine stewards at the fashionable resorts of the city, for little carelessness in keeping wine at a proper temperature

at the fashionable resorts of the city, for little carelessness in keeping wine at a proper temperature
or in serving it may ruin its sale to destrable customers. They must know everybody who is worth
knowing and spend their liberal silowance for incidentals with judgment. One agent for a then
comparatively obscure firm had its wine put of the
bills of fare of nearly every hotel in New York
notlong ago by reason of his extensive acquaintance and popularity, but the firm objected to the
extent of his expense account and he left them,
taking with him much of his custom.

A veteran agent of one of the wine houses, who,
like many of the profession, had his training in
Europe, tells of his experience one day at a restsurant in a small German town. He entered
with live gentiemen of prominence who were on a

taurant in a small German town. He entered with five gentlemen of prominence who were on a rural excursion with him and won the astonishment and admiration of the lotterers about the place when he gave the order: "Bring me six bottles of champagne and six glasses." A peasant who was considered a great man by his townsmen had entered and heard the order. Determined not to let his giory fade before the justre of the strangers, he turned to the waiter and in a loud and pompous tone said: "Six bottles of champagne and one glass." His order and his astonishing feat of drinking nearly all the champagne raised him mightily in the estimation of his admirers.

pagie and one glass." His order and his astonishing feat of drinking nearly all the champagneral raised him mightily in the estimation of his admirers.

The great champagne firm has its department of still wines conducted by experts in that branch of the trade, who will tell you the age and pedigree of a wine by tasting it. They will tell you that Americans are making comparatively slow progress in learning to drink expensive still wines, and that champagne is not after all the most expensive of vinous drinks. Clarets and Rhine wines at \$6 a bottle are sold in considerable quantities, and Giovanni Morosini, Mr. Gould's right hand man, who is not a wine drinker himself, but keeps a well-stocked cellar, has some of that peculiarly rich brand of Italian wine known as Chianti, which is aimost worth its weight in gold. The average New York wine firm occasionally sends ayoung man to France to perfect him in the study of his business. One of these has just returned and he states that the champagne and still wine product of the present season is less in quantity but probably better in quality than that of last year. The French wine growers are slowly learning the value of a certain application about the vines as a protection against middew, and nearly every vineyard where this was not used proved a failure this year. The young agent made the astonishing discovery that the people in the champagne district drink very little champagne. The Frenchman and German usually prefer a red wine, and to meet the demand one firm is now producing what it calls ruby champagnes.

There are some royal wine drinkers in New York. One of these is a young man who may be seen occasionally at the fashionable cafe, and he is considered one of the best judges of it in New York. One of these has joined the person who inherited Sam Ward's stock of rare old liquors. Pat Glimore, the famous musical director, never drinks anything else but champagne, and he is considered one of the best judges of it in New York. One of these has been able to drink i

THE TROUBLE WITH PEOPLE.

and Poor.

I From the Somerville Journal. The trouble with a good many men is that they spend so much time admiring their own ability that they don't let other people have a chance to see

that they have any ability to admire. The trouble with a great many women is that they can't find some particular selected man, who will appreciate them as they feel in their palpitat

The trouble with a good many girls is that they ion't find out what they want until some time afte

The trouble with a good many girls is that they don't find out what they want until some time after they have had the sad conclusion forced upon them that what they want doesn't want them.

The trouble with a good many boys is that they think the red grapes that grow on a neighbor's vine, and that have to be picked after dark, are a good deal sweeter and better than the ripe black grapes that grow on their own vines and can be gathered in the bright sunlight of publicity.

The trouble with a great many readers is that they don't understand how much easier it is to point out a tree in a magnificent landscape that is a hair's breadth out of perspective than it is to paint the magnificent landscape itself.

The trouble with most of the horse-car conductors is that they haven't eyes enough in the back of their heads to satisfy the public.

The trouble with a good many of the school teachers is that the present school year is divided wrong; instead of being forty weeks school and twelve weeks vacation and twelve weeks school.

The trouble with two-thirds of the boys and girls in the public schools is that they don't have fifty-three weeks vacation every year, with an additional week on leap year.

The trouble with most of the people in this misguided world is that they waste so much time thinking of their own virtues and enterprises that they don't have leisure to see how landable and useful your little schemes are.

The trouble with the small boy is that his big aister never was a small boy herself, and so she doren't know how the small boy feets.

The trouble with the small girl is that she isn't birger.

The trouble with the small girl is that they don't scales she steps on gives hor a weigh.

The trouble with the small girl is that they don't scales are more important than how you say them.

The trouble with the big girl is that they don't get enough dreamless sleep these November nights.

The trouble with his money, and that he doesn't waste much of either unless he wants a button sewed on.

The trouble with th

doesn't waste much of either unless he wants a button sewed on.

a The trouble with the average husband is that he knows his wife knows he isn't so big a man as he wants the worid to think he is.

The trouble with the people generally is that they can't always have what they want, and they seldom think they want what they have; that they see their own virtues and other people's vices with a magnifying glass, and turn the telescope the wrong end to waen they look at their own vices and other people's virtues; that they grounds want other people's virtues; that they grounds when things go wrong instead of going to work to make things go right; that they cry over spilled milk when, in all probability, the milk has all the water it can stand already.

A Curious Pile.

[From the Woodland Democrat.]

A day or two ago Sam Wittest hauled to the depoi for shipment a dray load of old iron that ought to have found a place in some curiosity shop instead of being consigned to some foundry to be moulded into new machinery. It was the relies of the late William Huntley, the noted perpetual motion inventor, and the mass of mysterious-looking ma-

chinery was the result of many years' faithful if not prudent or profitable labor. Among the mass of old iron could be found the most curious pieces of machinery imaginable—wheels within wheels, gas p pe in all kinds of shape—which the unfortunate inventor had conceived out of his insane infatuation over the idea of discovering perpetual motion. The lot was bought for a trine by Mr. Lewald, the junk man, for old iron, and was shipped with other junk to San Francisco.

GOSSIP ABOUT JAY GOULD.

He is Becoming Religious—The Romano His First Love.

Did you know that Jay Gould had become t

He has to a moderate degree, at any rate—and he has been seen a good deal at the little church near his country place, though for years, I under-

stand, he never went into a church.

His change of heart, I believe, was due fo the influence of his wife—a sweet, soulful, and deeply religious woman. His daughter Helen is a lovely woman, foil of kindly feelings, and is a member of the humanity society called the Daughters of the King. The society has for its purpose the accomplishment of all the good possible for women everywhere. Hich and poor are one within its fold. The grand society is divided into bands of ten, and it is the aim of each member to establish another ten. another ten.

Both Mrs. Gould and MissiHelen Gould, on their

lioth Mrs. Gould and MissThelen Gould, on their own part, were influenced, to interest themselves in the welfare of humanity by Mrs. Russell Sage, who is an ardent churchwoman.

Now, again, I should like you to see that midlooking, rather petite, but dignified woman who is just passing my window.

She must have been quite pretty in her youth, though she never probably could have been called handsome. There is a certain something, however, about her—a sweetness in her looks and manner—that is more charming in a woman of her years than any remains of physical beauty would be. She is very simply stirred in black and a black bonnet modestly covers her silver-gray hair.

Who is she?

Who is she?

She is Jay Gould's sister. She has come over from her home in Camden—a quiet little fown across the river—to do some shopping probably. One often meets her in the business streets; but, as her identity is known to few, she escapes the ogling and comment that she would otherwise be subjected to. She is not rich, by any means. Indeed, aside from a moderate allowance that the speculating Crossus makes her, she derives her living from a school for girls that her daughters conduct. The school, be it said, is an excellent one, and, Gould-like, it gets the cream of the business in South Jersey.

and, Gould-like, it gets the cream of the business in South Jersey.

The school-house was erected at Jay Gould's expense. Jay knew that his sister had not married well from a financial point of view, and that her daughters were struggins for a living, but he was too busy piling up his millions to give the matter much personal attention. But his wife had her eye on the girls, and she was so pleased with their earnestness that she brought the matter to the attention of her husband and insisted on his at least building the girls a sencel. Gould did not object, and, now that his attention was directed to the matter, he gave orders that no expense should be spared in making the building a model one in every respect. He himself takes as much pride in it and in the success of his nieces as any one, whenever he permits himself the luxury of five minutes and bonds.

His stater and the girls were spending part of the

he permits himself the luxury of five minutes' thought on a subject so far removed from stocks and bonds.

His sister and the girls were spending part of the summer up at Plattsburg, N. Y., with Jay Gould's first love, who keeps a boarding-house up there. She is elderly and gray-haired now, and is not strikingly handsome, but in her day she was bilthesome and pretty. She was the daughter of a country storekeeper. Jay Gould, after leaving his father's farm, went to work in the store, and promptly fell in love with the rosy-cheeked maiden. But the old man had much higher views of his daughter's future than a marriage with a young man employed in his own shop would realize. He not only gave young Gould to understand that a marriage was out of the question, but dispensed with his services as well. Jay took his rejection philosophically enough, and gave himself up to the work of making a fortune. While he was growing richer and richer, and pling million on million, his old love was vainly siriving to battle with misfortune. Her father, who had plumed himself so proudly on the ownership of his "general store," falled; the husband whom she took after Jay Gold had gone away brought little to her; and so at the end she endeavors to eke out her income by opening her house to summerbosphy in her make-up, and very little envy. She is bright, good-natured, and content with what fortune has brought—or, ought one to say left—ther. Some of Jay Gould's relatives spend a few weeks at her farmhouse every year, but Jay himself never goes there.

A MINING CAMP POST-OFFICE.

A MINING CAMP POST-OFFICE.

Tired Men Walk Miles Through Snow for Letters from Home.

own, and the boys were all in from the neighboring camps and foothills to get their mail. It had been a cold, cheeriess, wintry day, but what of that? No matter how hard the storm and chilly the blast, the post-office in a mining region is a kind of a Mecca to which all eyes turn and all trails lead on Sunday. Many a time has a miner gone ten and ffteen miles to the nearest post-office in the hope of getting a letter. Possibly his lode was not looking very well that week, and the hope of receiving a letter was about the only thing hope of receiving a letter was about the only thing that was cheering him up. Strange, lan't it, how a man will go to the post-

Strange, isn't it, how a man will go to the postoffice week after week, and though getting nothing, will just as confidently expect something the
next mail as though he hadn't been waiting in
vain, possibly for months? There are hundreds
there waiting for the opening of the post-office,
and fall into two long lines, which reach far out
into the street. It is a mottey crowd, and in those
lines you see men whose locks are as white as the
silvery snow that is falling on them; men in the
prime of life, hale and vigorous, and others, almost boys, all anxious for the same thing—a letter
or even a paper from home. And in that line you
will see women, not wives and mothers, for the
camp is a new one, but women of the town; and
they, too, are hopeful of receiving a letter from
some one. From whom? They only know, but
possibly from loved ones at home, who know not
the kind of life they are leading, for such instances are old stories in the mining camps.

'Anything for me?' is the off-repeated question. And see each one intensely watch the clerk
hastily-run through the A's or B's or C's, &c., for
the name.

'No, sir."

tion. And see each one intensely waich the clerk hastily run through the A's or B's or C's, Ac., for the name.

"No, sir."
"No, sir."
"Nothing?"
These are the answers most frequently heard, and every time it is given a sad and care-worn face turns away from the window. Look at his face, for it tells its own story. And sometimes he will ask the clerk to look again, for he almost knows there must be something for him.
"Nothing?" again is the reply. The miles of trudging through the snow over the rough mountain trails had been in vain. Blue and discouraged he may be found drank in a dance hall that night. I wonder if some Eastern home had thought of it in that light. There is a young fellow. See, he smiles, too. His letter is a fat one. Three stamps on it. The address is a woman is handwriting. Now he gets off in a corner and stands so no one can look over his shoulder, and reads. That letter is from his girl; and its contents he only will know. That weather-beaten face of his lights op as bright as a May morning. Nowhere are letters more appreciated than in the mining camps. Men out West, amid its exciting scenes, that it reasons to pick up a pen. They like the pick and shovel, hammer and drill better, and yet they are just as eager to receive letters. They read and re-road them by their cabin fires far up amid the mountain peaks. Out on the cattle trails the cowboys will often carry letters in their pockets and re-read them on their long drives from Texas to Montana. Down in the mines, far under the ground, in the tunnels, drifts, cross-cus, they will pull out old home letters, and, by the fickering light of the lamps In their hats, re-read them. And, while fathers and mothers are often wondering why sons do not write, their boys are eagerly looking for a letter and are re-reading the last one over and over again.

The Cureer of a Dime.
[Prom the Bainbridge, Ga., Democrat.]
Mr. J. E. Harrell, better known as "Sl," ouches for the following facts. About ten years ago he killed a beef, and in the maw of which he found a sliver dime and a bit of brass. He thinks the animal must have eaten an old pocketbook containing the coin. Mr. Harrell took the dime and brightened it up, and found that it bore the date of 1852, the year of his birth. He therefore put a mark upon it, intending to keep it. However, the dime was spent or lost, and ever since, "Si" has been looking out for it. Strange to relate, one day this week, while Nessbaum was making some change, the identical dime was returned to him after an absence of nine years. "Si" immediately took his coin to the jeweller's and had it transformed into a watch charm, where it now does duty. ago he killed a beef, and in the maw of which he

He Minds His Own Busines [From the Washington Herald.]
Among the coloredclerks of the Interior Depart-

nent is one connected with the General Land Ofnee, who, by his conduct and general other employee won the good-will of nearly every other employee won the good-will of nearly every other employee. of the bureau. He attends strictly to business and does not intrude himself upon others and rarely takes part in any of the casual conversations of the other cierks. Among the thirty employees of the

division in which his desk is there are a number of indies, some of whom use cosmetics on their faces. Two of this class were busily engaged the other day in discussing the merits of Lubin's powder over Ballou's, and the proper way to keep the hair over night in order to make it carly in the morning. While the two Lubin-faced damsels were engaged in this discussion the colored clerk entered, and, to reach his desk, had to pass them. He gave the nsual salutation of "Good-morning," when one of the women, to show her wit, said: "William, you do not put your hair up to make it curldo you?" The man pretended not to hear the remark, reached his desk and commenced to assorthis work. Again the remark was put, and still no response, when the other female, in order to keep her mouth going, said: "Is it true, William, that you do not your hair up in paper to make it curl?" Quick as a flash the man turned around and repited: "No, ladies, I do not have to use paper to curl my hair, nor do I whitewash my face." The retort was so keen that nearly every other clerk got up and complimented the man. Sumee to say, the ladies give him a wide berth now."

Lucky Bugs.

"Look at my lucky bag," said a little tot as she exhibited a tiny sack filled with camphor gum attached to a ribbon around her neck. "Teacher says that scarlet fever is afraid of it. Mamma made it for me, and all the other girls have got made it for me, and all the other girls have got 'em."

She seemed very much pleased with her new ornament, all regardless, apparently, of its significance. On inquiry it was learned that a number of school children have been equipped with these sacks, on recommendation of their teachers, and in some instances by physicians, to ward off the contagion of scarlet fever, now somewhat prevalent among school children. It is a fallacy, but the little ones appear to be pleased with the new feature, and thus it has some merit in that it furnishes the innocent prattiers with harmless divertisement. Just imagine a school-room of these little ones bedecked with rainbow-hued 'lucky bags" of various sizes, with their attention divided between their lessons of the day and a complaisant contemplation of their miniature life-preservers. As a matter of fact, these camphor contrivances have as much to do as a preventive of this disease as did the expedient of an advanced agriculturist when he bored a hole in the north side of a maple tree and inserted red peppers therein to make the tree grow faster.

Takes Its Life in Its Hand. [Prom the Louisville Courier-Journal.]
The Czar can bend a silver dollar double with his thumb and forefinger. Woe to the chinch that wanders on the imperial couch!

18th Street, 19th Street and IOTS, at \$12 AND \$15. As Sixth Avenue.

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Full lines of Dress and School Suits, Overcoats, &c. (3 to 1 3 years), including

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BETHESDA

POLITICAL.

UNITED DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.

ALFRED STECKLER.

OOLEY—THOMAS DOOLEY, In the 74th year of his age, a native of Rathbay Parish, of Liadooney, County Kilkenny, Ireland.
Funeral from his late residence, 326 East 20th st., c. Saturday, Nov. 5, 1897, at 10 A. M.; thence to St. Stephen's Church, East 20th st., where a requirem mass will be offered for the repose of his soul. Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend. Interment in Calvary.

OOLEY-THOMAS DOOLEY, In the 74th year of hi

We shall begin TO-DAY our SPECIAL ANNUAL SALE OF BROKEN LOTS OF FINE CLOTHING which, properly speaking, is the BARGAIN SEEKER'S OP-PORTUNITY, as EVERY GARMENT WILL BE SOLD AT ONE-FOURTH ITS VALUE TO COMPEL AN IMMEDIATE DIS-POSAL. Briefly, this is an accumulation of DEPLETED LINES from which BEAU-TIFUL SUITS can be made up at LESS THAN THE ORIGINAL COST OF ONE OF THE SINGLE GAR-

MENTS.

Among these broken lots are \$40 OVERCOATS—odd sizes -some one of which may fit you, which are NOW MARK-ED TO SELL AT \$12. There are also SUPERB SILK-FACED OVER-COATS AT \$15, and Suits of ALL THE LATEST STYLES in CASSIMERES. CORKSCREWS and CHEV. a fitting conclusion, LET US REMIND YOU OF OUR \$3 HATS WHICH WE ARE SELLING AT \$1.90.

SATURDAY, NOV. 5, MAX Stadler & Co.,

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SOLID SILVER HUNTING WATCHES, GENUINE American movement, Eigin or Waltham, the COLID SILVER HUNTING WATCHES, GENUINE SOLID GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, STEM winder, American movement, Eigin or Waltham cases chased and engraved; gentlemen's, \$25. ADIRS' SOLID GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, stem-winder, American movement, \$20.

Ladies solid Gold Hunting Watches BOYS' SOLID SILVER HUNTING - CASE A BRAUTIFUL IMPORTED SOLID GOLD STEM-winding watch, warranted 14 carats, \$16. A GENUINE E. HOWARD & CO. WATCH, WITH beavy, solid 14-carat gold cases. \$65.

WE GIVE A WRITTEN GUARANTEE WITH every watch for three years; if not as represented money will be refunded. MINEST GRADES OF FLY-BACKS, SPLIT SEC-I onds and repositing watches; also watches with handsomely ornamented cases and studded with genuine diamonds, for ladies and gentlemen, at half the price charged elsewhere.

A SOLID GOLD STOP-WATCH, WITH MINUTE chronograph, heavy 14-carat case, very fine movement and accurate timer, \$60. SOLID GOLD WEDDING RINGS, 14 and 18 carate.

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OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL 8; SATURDAY, 10P. M.

POLITICAL. FOR SENATOR.

THIRD DISTRICT, BROOKLYN 3d, 4th, 7th, 11th, 13th, 19th, 20th, 21st and 23d Wards),

E. F. O'CONNOR,

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Call special attention to Friday Evening. Nov. 4, 1887. HENRY GEORGE.

LOUIS F. POST.

DR. McGLYNN, EVERETT GLACKIN, REV. DR. KRAMER, and other UNITED DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION

CIVIL JUSTICE 3D JUDICIAL DISTRICT, JOHN J. ADAMS

UNITED DEMOCRATIC

NOMINATIONS FOR JUSTICES OF THE CITY COURT,

William F. Pitshke. Henry P. McGown. United Democratic Nomination.

FOR SENATOR, IOTH DISTRICT, JACOB A. CANTOR

UNITED DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.
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50° CAS. 50 without gas, 25c. Soft filling, 50c. up. Elegant gold filling from \$1 up. Full Gum Sets, \$4, \$7, \$19. N. Y. DENTAL CO.,

203 6th Ave., Second upstairs, entrance from 14th th Opposite Macy's.

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